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by Samuel Donn

Where does the air go?
The air that leaves our lungs as we die?
A warm, delayed breath—
it's too loud, it's unintentionally rude.

Keep it to yourself, among the voided air, no—
the vaulted air—
If you breathe it, if there's no witness
to the sucking in, are you alive?—
Or stationary?—as moss facing

south...